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G. BAILEY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR; JOHN G. WHITTIER, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

For the *National Era*.
OCTOBER.

BY EMILY C. HUNTINGTON.

The clouds lie low on the hill-tops,
Or over the river roll,
A thought of the kind Father
Fills the human soul.And the quiet of the sunset
Is woven with golden rays,
As if with crimson banded
Went marching along the skies.The wildered gird of the meadow
Is wreathed with the purple cap,
That is cast into the summer,
When she gathered her blossoms up.And the yellow bloom of the hazel
Through the woodland arches gleam,
With a faint and a glint of light,
As stars through a clouded train.The wind comes with a low murmur,
And the leaves have from their bies,
With a little like a hymn that is here,
From a heart wracked with tears.And then, with a voice like a trumpet,
It winds through the solemn night,
Till the heart leaps up from slumber,
And shrills to the soul again.The voice of the sea is the murmur,
Of the pale sun's liquid waves,
When the buried hours of the summer
Ring up from their far-off graves.With this first hymn clasping,
As they pass in their silent array,
Rich gifts which the heaving spirit
Has cast from its stores away.And a hush, and a hush, and a hush,
As they pass in the wist world,
At the hours of the wist world,
Faint by the shadow and sun.For the *National Era*.
LINGERINGS WITH NATURE—NO. 1.

BY ANNA.

SARATOGA IN AUTUMN.

Like a maiden shore of her long looks; like a
desolate garden, blighted with the early frost,
saw only the green rows of box and the few
hardy mountain plants; like a deserted hall after
a gay festival, seems the quiet village of Saratoga,
after the "season." The broad streets,
with their long avenues of beautiful trees, moun-
tifully attest that.

The melancholy days have come;

while the closed and vacuous houses, the forsaken
parks, and leafless pavements, show that the last
gush has quitted the summer banner.

The last gush, after a long stay,

had given way to a long, slow, deep exhalation,
from the sun, from the world, which has
been overflowed by their midst; that they are
content to hibernate through all the dreary,
dreary days of the winter, close at hand.

Concord Park, like the sighing pines an-
leaves shades echo no more the gay laugh
and the homely sound of mirth and love.
Solemn whisperings come through the frosty
air, sad forebodings are uttered by the rustling
of the fallen leaves, stern rebukings and earnest
reproaches find voice in the murmur of the gloomy
forest pines. The damp walls, winding down
the slopes and through the level area, echo
no more than our own hallowed footsteps; and the pale
and the grizzly winds their revels hold.

In strange incongruity, the statues, Spring,
Summer, and Autumn, stand gracefully amidst
the one, heralding life and promise; the other,
plenty and joy; and the latter, the full
ripeness of maturity; yet, each seems silently
wrapped in its winter covering, unmindful of
all surroundings, and the rejuvenating spring
time shall bring fashion and beauty again to
the greenish and the sunless recesses.

The Crystal fountain, with its pale deposit, fal-
ters not, although its vivifying, elastic influence
is no longer sought. Ages seem to have come,
"dark and unloved." No splendid equipage
dashes through the broad avenues, and to the stony
lake; no sound of revelry at night; no quivering of that great throng of intense am-
mer-life, which has so quickly beaten out its
isolated existence.

Congress Hall, the United States, with its
aristocratic precepts, its garden and cottages,
albeit, dead and forsaken. A thousand
sober thoughts of the dashing fashion-world and its
victories, of its shifting scenes and changing
ways, come aspace, picturing their future
in the surrounding gloom and nakedness.

The bells toll heavily, and the clouds weep
dreadfully. Saratoga, *la belle Saratoga*, suggests
Ossian's immortal figure of age, "A blast
from the north with a plow; a traveller in distress,
and he blow."

It is strange, that, in this season of
autumn, the sun, moon, and stars, the
children and maidens, animate the moving
fashions and fresh scenes; while the sunless
recesses, and the gloomy pines, and the
gray winds, their revels hold.

The stars, at two miles of a bottle, is
as dark as in expensive world; while the
luxuriant of barbican splendor, when peals
are thrown into the wine cup, to give a rich
flavor to the wine, the table of the

King of Wurtemberg on a late occasion, which
was deposited in the cellar at Bremen two years
and a half ago. One large case of wine,
containing 120 bottles, cost 100 dollars.

The articles consisted—butterflies, and
the thousand and one trifles which make
up the world; without mystery, a *la belle* Saratoga,
and a world, without the balance of its
account. There is a little sum of \$12,000 for
perfumed soap, which is quite a good index to
the whole thing.

Wine, at two millions of dollars a bottle, is
as dark as in expensive world; while the
luxuriant of barbican splendor, when peals
are thrown into the wine cup, to give a rich
flavor to the wine, the table of the

King of Wurtemberg on a late occasion, which
was deposited in the cellar at Bremen two years
and a half ago. One large case of wine,
containing 120 bottles, cost 100 dollars.

The articles consisted—butterflies, and
the thousand and one trifles which make
up the world; without mystery, a *la belle* Saratoga,
and a world, without the balance of its
account.

At the same time, as the present time
is \$55,555,640 rice dollars, and, consequently, a
bottle is worth 2,723.812 rice dollars; a glass,
or the eighth part of a bottle, is worth 340,418

rice dollars, or \$272,380, or at the rate of 540
rice dollars, or \$272, per drop.

A burgomaster

is privileged

to have one bottle

whenever he

entertains a

distinguished guest

who enjoys a

German or

European

reputation.

The fact illustrates the operation of interest, if

it does not show the cost of luxury.

THE BOX-TUNNEL—A FACT.

A NEW STORY BY CHARLES READ.

BY G. BAILEY.

PADDINGTON.

The

box-tunnel

is

a

tunnel

under

the

ground

under

the

station

and

